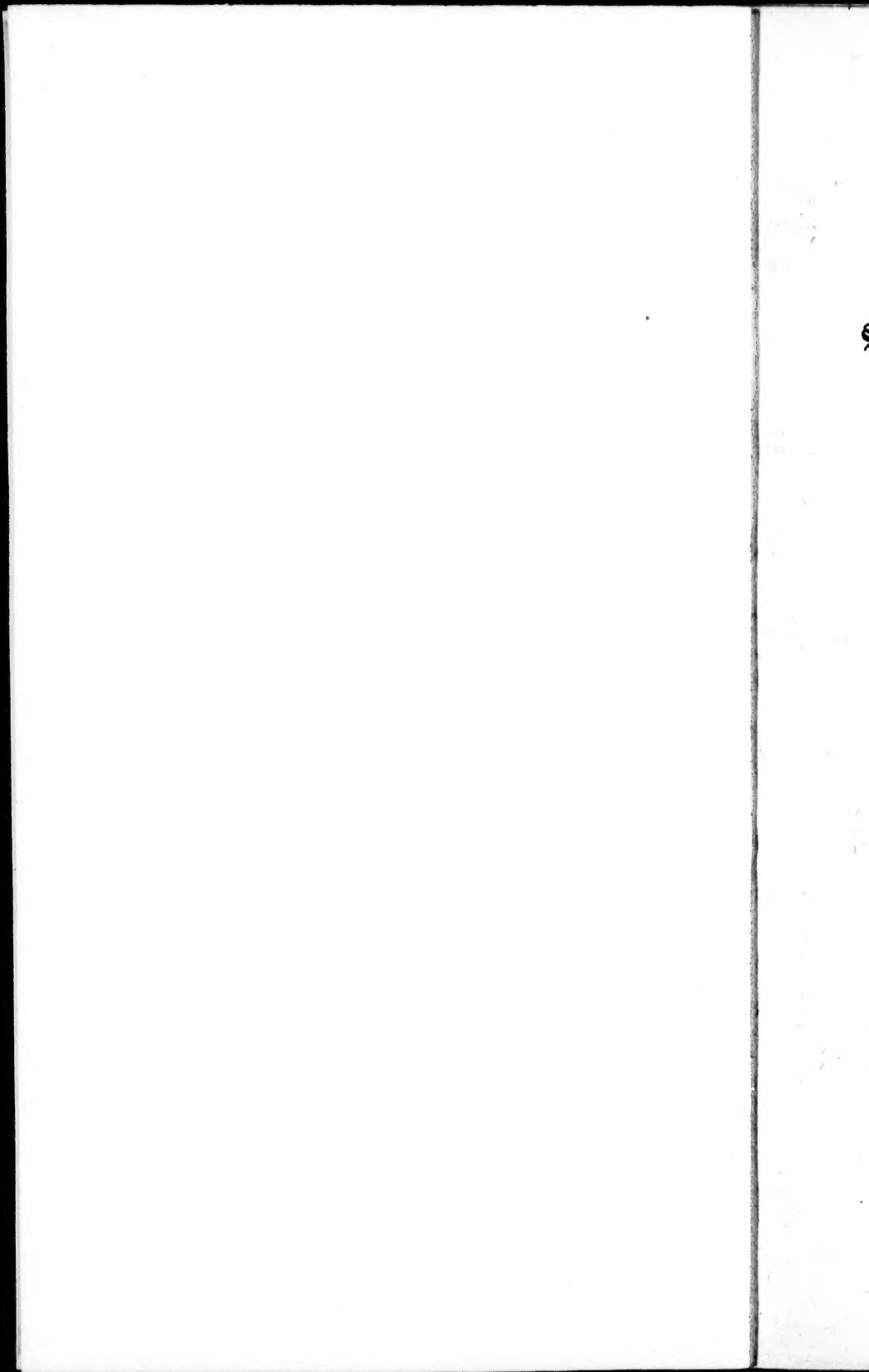




POEMS

CHIEFLY IN THE

Scottish Border Dialect ;

INTERSPERSED WITH

SONGS.

By ANDREW OLIVER.

With thee, O Bard ! who can compare ?
Sae bright thy genius, deep thy lear,
Our best attempts soon wear thread bare,—
Aft Scotia mourns,
And sighs, and drops another tear
O'er Robie Burns.

JEDBURGH :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1820.

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POEMS.

THE VISION.

O know you whom I saw last night,
 Sleeping on my bed, mamma?
 A shining creature all in white,
 She seem'd a heavenly maid, mamma.

I saw her tripping o'er the dew,
 Fine as a queen in May, mamma,
 She look'd, she smiled, she to me flew,
 And bade me come away, mamma.

I look'd, I loved, I blush'd a while—
 O! how cou'd I say no, mamma!
 She spake so sweet, so sweet did smile,
 I was obliged to go, mamma.

Since love my tender heart beguiled,
I felt unusual flames, mamma,
My infant fancy turn'd so wild,
So strangely wild my dreams, mamma.

I thought we wander'd in a grove,
A grove with pleasant fields, mamma ;
In joyful measures on did move,
As music rapture yields, mamma.

She took me in her snow white hand,
And led me through the air, mamma,
Far higher above sea and land
Than ever eagles were, mamma.

The sea and land with all their store,
With rivers, woods, and hills, mamma,
Indeed, they did appear no more
Than five of doctors' pills, mamma.

I sought and sought papa's estate,
But found it not at all, mamma ;
The world, in whole, seem'd not so great
As half a cannon's ball, mamma.

I was,—I was,—I know not how—
 O had ye been with me, mamma,
 Such wonders open'd to our view,
 As none but angels see, mamma.

I saw the sun, but like a star,—
 The moon, a mustard seed, mamma—
 Like Eli's, in his fiery car,
 Being wing'd with lightning's speed, mamma.

Sweet were our thoughts,—O, joyful day !
 We glanced through all the spheres, mamma ;
 And music sounding by the way,
 Heaven rush'd upon our ears, mamma.

With wintry storms the ground ne'er pines,
 Clothed in eternal bloom, mamma ;
 And there the king of glory shines,
 The just doth shine with him, mamma.

I saw my sister Anna shine,
 A virgin in her prime, mamma ;
 Not such as with you sometimes dine,
 But like the angels fine, mamma.

Her rob was of the flowing stream,
 With silver dipt in light, mamma ;
 But ah ! it waked me from my dream,
 It shone so strong and bright, mamma.

ELEGY

ON

JOHN HASTY,
 TOWN-PIPER OF JEDBURGH.

O DEATH ! thou wreck of young and auld,
 How slie, and O, how dreadfu' bauld !
 Thou came unlook'd for, nor ance tauld
 What was the crime ;
 But Hasty at the mouth turn'd cauld
 Just at his prime.

We mourn the loss o' mensfu' John ;
 Yet greet in vain since he is gone :

Nor Orpheus auld, with lyric sound,
Wha in a ring gaird stanes dance round,
Was ever half so much renown'd
For jig and solo ;
Now he lies dum' aneath the ground,
And we maun follow.

At bridals whan his face we saw,
Lads, lasses, bridegroom, bride and a',
Smiling, cried, Johnie come awa',
A welcome guest :
The enchanting chanter out he'd draw,
His pleased us best.

The spring that ilk ane liked he kend ;
Auld wives at sixty years wad stend,
New pith his pipe their limbs did lend,
Bewitching reed !
'Las ! that his winsome sel' sou'd bend
Sae soon his head.

Whan bagpipes new-fangled lugs had tired,
They'd sneer, then he, like ane inspired,
Wi's fiddle their faggin spirits fired,
Or e'er they wist ;
Ga'e every taste what they desired,
He never mist.

Then with new keenness wad they caper,
He sliely smudg'd to see them vaper ;
And if some glakit girl shou'd snapper,
He'd gie a wink,
Fie lads, quoth he, had aff, ne'er stap her,
She wants a drink.

If a young swankie, wi' his joe,
In some dark nook play'd bogle-bo,
John shook his head, and said why no ;
Can flesh and blood,
Stand pipe and dance and never show,
Their metal good.

Not country squire, nor lord, nor laird,
But for John Hasty had regard ;

With minstrels mean he ne'er wad herd,
 Nor fash his head ;
 Now he's received his last reward,—
 Poor man, he's dead.

He hated a' your sneaking gates,
 To play for bear, for pease or aits ;
 His saul aspired to higher fates,
 O mensfu' John !
 Our tears come rapping down in spates
 Since thou art gone.

Whan other pipers steal'd away,
 He gently down his join wad lay ;
 Nor hardly wad tak hire for play,
 Sic was his mense !
 We rair aloud the ruefu' day,
 That took him hence.

John, when he play'd, ne'er threw his face,
 Like a' th' girning piper race ;

But set it aff wi' sic a grace,
 That pleased us a' :
 Now dull and drearie is our case,
 Since John's awa.

Ilk tune, mair serious or mair gay,
 To humour he had sic a way ;
 He'd look precise, and smile, and play
 As suited best :
 But death has laid him in the clay, —
 Weel may he rest.

A fiddle spring he'd let us hear,
 I think they ca'd it Nige-nod-neer ;
 He'd gi'e a punk, an' look sae queer ;
 Without a joke,
 You'd swore she spoke words plain an' clear
 At ilka stroke.

It did ane gude to hear his tale,
 Ower a punch-bowl, or pint o' ale,

Nae company e'er green'd to skail,

If John was by :

Alas ! that sic a man was frail

And doom'd to die.

But we, his mem'ry dear shall mind,

While billows rair or blaws the wind ;

To tak him hence death was unkind,

O dismal feed !

We'll never sic another find,

Since Johnie's dead.

Minstrels of merit, ilk ane come,

Sough mournful notes ower Johnie's tomb,

Through fields of art applaud him home,

I hope he's weel,

His worth, nae doubt, has saved him from

The meikle deil.

EPITAPH.

Here lies dear John, whase pipe and drone,

And fiddle aft has made us glad,

Whase cheerfu' face, our feasts did grace,

A mensfu', blythe, an' merry lad.

A SPIRITUAL SONG.

BLYTHE summer has left us,
Cauld winter bereft us
Of all our fine landscapes so charming and gay ;
The blast loudly howling,
Around us fast rolling,
How dismal and gloomy this short winter day.
Poor shepherds affrighted,
Poor travellers benighted,
The sailor half froze at the helm he doth stand,
All shivering and moaning,
Waves raging and foaming,
On the wide dreary ocean, far out from all land.

Through the dread howling winter,
Bold Christian dare venture,

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Let earthquakes and thunder this earth tear and rend ;
 On oceans, high boiling,
 He's cheerful and willing
 To face every danger for Jesus his friend.
 In summer, when nature
 Doth charm every creature,
 He views that sweet summer which never shall end ;
 His joys and his pleasures
 Are not in earth's treasures,
 His heart is in heaven with his Saviour and friend.

 Earth's comforts are dying,
 Earth's riches are flying ;
 Can gold or bright garnets from cold death defend ?
 His soul doth admire,
 His heart doth desire
 That beautiful pearl, his Saviour and friend.
 Last, over each mountain,
 He reaches that fountain
 Where love like a river doth flow without end—
 Now splendidly shining,
 Now gloriously reigning,
 Eternally singing his Saviour and friend.

THE WILDS OF CANADA.

Y_E Wilds of Canada, how dark and how dreary,
Encircled in gloom, how ye languish and die ;
That bright shining sun which enliveneth the weary,
Alas ! never yet hath illumined your sky.

Creator of all, by thy power thou hast lighted
These glories of heaven which around us doth roll ;
Shine on these poor heathens whose minds are be-
nighted ;
Spread wide thy salvation to save every soul.

Hark ! the sound of his chariot, like thunder, alarm
ing !
See powers of dark worlds fast hast'ning away ;
Behold, in the east, how bright and how charming
The Star of the Morning is clearing his way.

"Blow the trumpet in Zion," let hills and high
mountains,

And all the wide forests of Canada ring,
May the Water of Life supply all her fountains
And heathens, Hosanna th' approach of their king.

THE THUNDER STORM.

A_{THEIST}, behold his mighty hand,
Heaven trembles at his awful nod,
He spreads his darkness o'er the land,
And scatters terror all abroad.

God rides upon the stormy cloud
Amid the thunder's awful roar :
He holds th' raging sulphurous flood,
Or makes it fly his face before.

In columns vast the vapours roll,
From beds of flame his lightnings fly,
With speedy glare from pole to pole,
Beneath the lowering trembling sky.

The lowing herds, down to the vale,
In wild amazement speed their way;
While thunders roar, and rattling hail,
And horror screens the face of day.

Down to his cot, with staggering stride,
The shepherd flies: the tempest, dread,
Hard following, and on every side
Dire, threat'ning his defenceless head.

Wild torrents from the naked hills,
Roll o'er th' steep in cataracts bold:
The hollow glen the deluge fills,
The rivers scorn their course to hold.

Around their sire, in sad surprise,
Pale, panic-struck, the youngers crowd,
Fast stop their ears, and shut their eyes
From lightnings' glare, and thunders loud.

While on the Oracle he reads,
 "How God did thunder in his ire,
 In Egypt show'd his mighty deeds,
 Thick darkness, hail, and flakes of fire ;

How David saw him on the wind,
 Upon a cherub swiftly ride ;
 While coals of fire before him shined,
 Dark waters roll'd on every side ;

How God directs the bolts of fire,
 How God controls the raging blast ;
 The storm is still'd, should he require,
 And all its furies hush'd to rest."

Beneath the covert of his wings,
 When furious ills their dangers press
 We trust : thou mighty king of kings,
 Thou art our shelter in distress.

And in thy great and glorious name,
 When nature rolls in shining flame,
 When wreck on wrecks its end proclaim,
 The saints shall boast,

When earth's in sad confusion hurl'd,
 'Heaven's awful banners all unfurl'd,
 Dire, waving o'er a burning world,
 We've nothing lost.

ELEGY

ON

ROBERT HASTY,
 LATE TOWN-PIPER OF JEDBURGH.

—Alas! that Minstrel was the last.

O DEATH, thou tyrant bold and fell,
 We tremble at thy awful knell,
 'Midst wreck and ruin thou dost dwell;
 Sad was that day,
 For Hasty thou didst sound thy bell,
 Ca'd him away.

No music charms thy dull cold ear,
 Unmoved, thou mock'st the melting tear,
 Thy horrid front doth forward bear
 Our mortal race,
 Alas ! none yet upon thy rear,
 Hath found a place.

We mourn the loss,—O how unkind !
 To grasp the whole ! left nane behind
 O' Robin's race, to blaw the wind,
 And bear the drone ;
 Like Hasty, nane can Jethert find,
 Since he is gone.

When seasons merry times did bring,
 And drums did beat and bells did ring,
 Blythely he'd play us ower a spring,
 Wi' meikle glee,
 At auld Scots tunes few could him ding,
 Or match wi' he.

At seven o'clock, when drum and chanter
 Play'd Jenny Dang, or Rab th' Ranter,

Wi' a' our might we'd dance and canter,
 Baith lad and lass,
 Weel pleased as e'er was 'Tam o' Shanter,
 When ower his glass.

When Michaelmas for Rab did ca',
 Conveener, deacons, ane and a',
 Out wadna stir till Rab did draw
 Frae's pouch th' whistle.
 Tunes 'to ilk trade he suited braw,
 Whilk made them fistle.

When rulers of the town, new made,
 Down frae the hall to dinner gaed,
 Out owre his arm the drone he laid,
 The bellows tether't,
 Then bauldly up, that tune he play'd,
 Braw Lads o' Jethert.

The border lads, o' tunes the wale,
 Braw Jenny Nettles, ne'er did fail,
 Black Jock, and Aberdeen Cauld Kail,
 And Castocks in Stra'boggie ;
 That canty air, the Bag Sells Weel,
 And merry Jackson's Coggie.

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ADDRESS TO FORTUNE.

DELUDING fortune, base deceiver,
Beguiling, fickle, awkward shaver,
Nae thanks for thy unkind behaviour,
And crusty dealing;
From henceforth I'll ne'er court thy favour
For one poor shilling.

Ower hill and dale, baith day and night,
I've sought thee lang wi' a' my might;
E'en ower the sea I ance took flight,
Scorn'd ilka danger,
Yet on your honour ne'er could light
The weary stranger.

**Go tempt the gay, the great, the noble,
And cheat them with your empty bubble ;
Let misers rake that sordid stubble,
 Their gouden dust,
Before I gie mysel' mair trouble,
 I'll count the cost.**

Though on the scale of life I crouch,
Wi' scarce a sixpence in my pouch,
Contentment, still within my reach,
Far nobler treasure !
Wi' health and hands, I'll onward hitch,
Just at my leisure.

Let wretched warl'ings laugh and sneer
Because I cannot upward steer,
I ken some rich fock curse the poor,
 A crime they ca' it,
And say, 'tis just for want o' care,
 We poortith fa' it.

But hark ye billies, thole a blink,
Ye wha sae lightly on us think,

Ye're only farther up the link,
 Nae better mettle ;
 Though fortune favour you with clink,
 She's unco kittle.

We've seen a towering castle rise,
 Its spiral summit wound the skies,
 Yet 'mid the storm did loose its poise,
 And down did tum'le ;
 All 'round the hideous ruin flies,
 Wi' thunnering rum'le.

And what, though some arch blaid shou'd spy
 Misfortune, wi' a wylie eye,
 And hord a pickle Geordies bye
 To stand a stake,
 Death's legions thick in ambush lie,
 His plans to break.

The scrimpit wretch may sweat and toil
 Winding in life a serpent coil,
 And pinch and starve his hungry soul,
 A mite to save it,
 What signifies't—the stupid fool
 Maun die and leave it.

For me, o' cash I canna crack,
 Alas! I ne'er was worth a plack—
 Misfortune still upon my back,
 Doth crush me sairly;
 Through dub and dirt still I must tack,
 Hoolie and fairlie.

Ye friendly powers, help me to waddle
 Throughout this weary war'ly puddle,
 Till hale-scart free frae ilka trouble,
 I bid farewell,
 And Jordan's Cape do fairly double
 Wi' spreading sail.

ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

THOU cheerless, joyless, blastit wonner,
 'Destested, spurn'd of saint and sinner,'
 Thy scrimpit visage makes us scunner
 A towmond guid,
 Thy hollow voice, like roarin thunner,
 Doth freeze our bluid.

Wide is thy fame, thou imp of sorrow !
 Thy wicked aim, our sauls to harrow—
 Of warldly ills, few are thy marrow,
 I ken thee weel,
 To sup wi' thee, my heart doth tarrow
 At every meal.

The pantry toom is thy delight,
 Toom pouches and a hungry kyte,
 There thou dost sit an' gnaw and bite
 Poor duddy doublets ;
 Aft scared by thee, doth girn an' flyte,
 'Mang empty goblets.

Lang hast thou ranged the warld ower,
 Done a' the mischief in thy power,
 Made mony ae honest chield look sour,
 An' weet his winkers,
 E'en grit fock thou hast made them cour,
 An' crook their hunkers.

Poor bluids like me, wha canna brookit,
 Their path thou shap'st hard, rough, an' crookit

Wi' outs and ins, zig zag, ye nookit,
 Sic are thy ways,
 Till weary life's in Jordan drookit,
 To end their days.

In winter cauld, when frost and snaw
 Gars young and auld their fingers blaw,
 'Round the bit spunkie, grit and sma',
 Aft like to freeze,
 While cramps, and coughs, toothaches, and a',
 Sair, doth them teeze.

There's mony ae weary toil-worn cottar,
 That ower a staff can hardly totter,
 Whase wretched lot thou dost bespatter,—
 It makes me mourn
 To see auld age, in poortith's fetter,
 Sae deeply groan.

Of strong temptation in the van,
 Thou leads poor naked needy man,
 To catch at a', that he catch can,
 Though, wi' reluction,
 He's forced, through the ill laid plan,
 To his destruction.

Sure mony ae rogue gi'es you the blame
 Of a' the blotches on his name ;
 Frae east to west, ilk thievish crime,
 Ye git the wyte o't,
 And yet, ye'll bear nae sin nor shame,
 Na, no ae mite o't.

The gallows thief, in's last confession,
 Gi'es you the wyte o' his trangression ;
 Braw lady's wha wear out o' fashion,
 Do blame ye sair ;
 And man and wife, aft in a passion,
 Loud at ye rair.

But thee, poor bodies soon might rise,
 Knaves, thieves, and rogues at last turn wise ;
 Black envy flee frae 'neath the skies,
 As frae a sling,
 And Misery, pale, wi' cheerfu' voice,
 Might rise and sing.

O wad some power but turn thy head,
 And skelp thee like a frighten'd steed,

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Down ower th' brae wi' bratlin' speed,
 There fix thy doom,
 'Mang kindred diels, wha naething dread,
 To sink or swoom.

AN

ENLIGHTENED HEATHEN,

ON RECEIVING A BIBLE.

HAIL, golden treasure ! precious truth divine !
 Our earth-born hearts to heaven thou dost incline ;
 But thee, gross darkness, had o'erwhelm'd us all,
 Sad wreck and ruin since th' inglorious fall.
 Sublimely grand ! thou dost to us unfold
 Those glorious things our Saviour foretold,
 Since he did deign to preach to fallen man
 In Eden's Garden,—show his glorious plan :

The Woman's Seed to crush the serpent's head,
 A Saviour groan, and die, to save the dead—
 A Saviour rise, first fruits of th' resurrection,
 To save his saints, and raise them to perfection.
 Hail, Holy Bible, be thou my grand instructor
 Through life's dread path, my safe and best conductor,
 Whilst I, thy wonders great, before me spread,
 O, heavenly teacher, teach my heart to read—
 Teach me to know the blest, the joyful sound—
 Let heathens taste that love which hath no bound.
 Sing, O ye wilds, 'tis heaven's sovereign pleasure,
 To send you Bibles, prize the glorious treasure !
 Exalt his name, aloud your voices raise,
 Let every savage cot sound forth his praise.
 His Bible, sent us from a distant land,
 Cries, Ethiopia ! stretch out thy hand—
 Our light, our life, we stretch our hands to thee,
 We grasp the blessed prize sent o'er the sea.
 With grateful hearts, we humbly thee adore,
 Who sends us Bibles from a distant shore ;
 Who sends us teachers, taught by thee alone,
 With gospel news of Christ, thine only Son—
 Taught how to live, and how to die in thee,
 Gain bless eternal, what can better be ?

O mighty Saviour, do thy love command
 To rest upon their heads that us befriend;
 While on the waters largely they do sow,
 Grant them an hundred-fold, and let them know
 There great exertions are not all in vain,
 But, being blest by thee, they shall attain
 The end in view, and gain them high renown,
 And add a shining pearl to their crown.

GOSPEL PROGRESS.

THE beautiful sunshine of summer is past,
 At the heavenly command it did shine;
 Full and fierce o'er the land, th' cold northern blast,
 Sharp hail, frost, and snow, they combine.

But the same heavenly power shall call forth the
 spring,
 And send all these furies away;
 To his honour and glory the forest shall sing,
 All nature shall join in the lay.

The Gospel of Jesus no winter doth know,
 Unfading its glories doth shine ;
 Over lands, yet in darkness, its blessing shall flow,
 Sent forth by a power that's divine.

Go forth, mighty Jesus, go forth in thy might ;
 Then lands that are barren shall spring,
 And the darkness of winter arise into light,
 And nations thy glory shall sing.

A

MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL TO BRITAIN.

FAREWELL, happy island, long blest with th' Word,
 My Master doth call me away,
 To carry the tidings of peace far abroad,
 And call forth the dawn of the day.

With joy and great pleasure I bid you adieu,
 In hopes greater pleasures to find,
 In preaching salvation, a work ever new,
 To all whom a Saviour proves kind.

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But who—what am I, that Jesus should send
 A poor sinful creature like me,
 Ah! nothing without him, but with him, I'm all,
 Go forth Lord, and I'll follow thee.

Thou Light of the world, O rend the thick veil,
 And scatter the deep awful gloom
 That cover those mortals my soul doth bewail;
 Give life from a perishing tomb.

How fruitless our labours without thee would prove,
 How feeble our efforts to raise
 One poor blinded heathen, to talk of thy love,
 And sing to a Saviour's praise.

But when thou thy Zion preparest to build,
 Thy glory doth march all abroad,
 The heart of a savage thou dost make to yield,
 And turn to a Saviour and God.

Make thy wonderful name, O Saviour, to shine,
 While the regions of death we explore,
 Begin thy grand reign, with rich blessings divine,
 And gloriously march on before.

ON PROVIDENCE.

O THOU who roll'st th' orbs of light
Throughout the boundless space,
And bids them shine in splendour bright,
And hold their proper place,

Great is thy fame, and great thy might,
Thy ways no man can trace ;
Past, present, future, wrong and right,
Are all before thy face.

Through all thy works, thy wisdom shines,
Thine eye surveys the whole ;
Over the earth thy glory reigns,
All nature hears thy call.

In heavens, throughout the whole confines,
Thou Great Fternal All,
Before thy throne, the angelic lines
In deep submission fall.

Thy liberal hand is unconfined,
 All flesh thy goodness share,
 The first, the best, the sinner's friend;
 Thou hear'st the poor man's prayer.

When danger threatens all around,
 Beneath thy heavenly care
 We safely rest, for thou art found
 A refuge every where.

Though countless ills our lives pervade,
 Death's terrors on us fall,
 This mortal coil in dust be laid,
 Bright hope surmounts them all.

We trust that Power that rose to save —
 O Death, where is thy sting !—
 He ever lives who spoil'd the grave,
 " A never failing spring."

Power, Majesty, and Mercy, shine
 Around his glorious throne ;
 Let heaven and earth and sea combin
 To praise the Three in One.

THE TIMES,

A FRAGMENT.

O YE, wha lead the mighty van,
Of kingdoms three, in union,
Through ilka dark and wimpling plan,
And mony ae deep far seen ane ;
Wi' safety lang, th' helm ye've thrawn,
And sicker, kept dominion,
Though, now alake ! ye'r rudder band
Drags stifly round its pinion,
This gloomy day.

Up, lend ye'r aid, brave pilots a',
And kindle up your notion,
Let Boreas gently on us blaw,
And quiet row the ocean ;

Up anchors heave baith grit and sma',
 And keep a steady motion,
 Or mony a blade his nails may know
 And drink a bitter potion,
 Some dolefu' day.

The man of bold courageous mind
 May plow the boisterous ocean,
 And hoist his sails before the wind,
 Amid the dread commotion,
 Let billows roar, his way he'll find
 To the harbour of promotion,
 Safe anchor cast in climate kind,
 Within the Bay of Goshen,
 That happy day.

The coward base may cringe and cour,
 While wint'ry storms are sifting,
 And, trembling, o'er the bulwarks glow'r,
 To see our bark a-drifting;
 Syne round the hatchway tak' a tour,
 Cry out your cargo's shifting,

Till thunder struck he tumble o'er,
 Like a garle * fa'n a lifting,
 Black be his fa'.

Ye powers, preserve the British bark
 In every storm that rages,
 May she ride safe like Noah's ark,
 Until the flood assuages.
 Ye pilots, keep in view the mark
 Set up by ancient sages,
 That man we hail in times sae dark,
 Who in her cause engages
 Wi' heart and hand.

We love the cause of liberty,
 an proudly boast o' a' that,
 We hate the chain of slavery,
 The slave may girn and draw that.
 Britannia free, by land and sea,
 Hath tald the nations a' that,
 Lang may united kingdoms three,
 O'er a' the world craw that,
 Wi' blythesome glee.

* An old horse fallen, the neighbours are assembled to raise it.

TO THE
MEMORY OF THE REV. J—— R——,
LATE OF JEDBURGH,
Whose mortal remains rest in the Abbey.

BENEATH this venerable pile,
Where nodding wrecks man's art beguile,
Where ancient grandeur's pompous show,
In broken fragments lie below ;
Here rests in earth his precious dust,
A guardian, faithful to his trust,
A Pastor orthodox and sound,
In gospel truths who did abound,
Beloved by all who did him know,
Both rich and poor, both high and low ;
Though not with eloquence adorned,
Nor even by grammar rules governed,
In nature's garb, in homely dress,
Heaven's message on our minds did press.
He's gone, he's gone, come drop a tear
To th' memory of our Pastor dear,
High Heaven did call his soul away,
His bones are mouldering in the clay,
In certain hope of sweet reward,
On that great day he meets the Lord.

TO A FRIEND.

YOUR kind epistle safe I got it,
Thanks to my rhyming friend that wrote it,
Aften I read it o'er and note it,

Wi' greatest pleasure.

Excuse this card, sair patched and cloutit,
For want o' leisure.

'Maist foughten out, 'mang hills traversing,

Wi' Highland herds and hinds conversing,

'Wi' gimmers, ewes, and lambs a gersing

This mony a day,

I've near han' tint the knack o' versing

Amang the fray.

Forbye misfortune does me fetter,

Alake a day! she ne'er does better,

Weary's the time I've been her debtor,

Relentless jade,

Whilk aften mak's me grain and natter,

'Maist puts me mad.

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Hallo! Bewcastle loud did call up,
Scared frae their stakes their ponies gallop,

And swine and wives, dld squeel and wallop,
 Ilk dru'ken shellum
 Ran ranting, roaring, roun' our shallop,
 Wi' blustering bellum.

Some crawled out a'e way, some anither,
 Dead or alive!—'tis just a swither,
 Till on our stumps we glower'd at ither,
 And humm'd—bethankit,
 Through dub and dirt set aff together,
 Straight hame we shankit.

Now times begin to wear a gloom,
 Poor fo'k maun either sink or soom,
 Euroclydon has raised a storm
 Through a' the south,
 To push a Radical Reform
 By word o' mouth.

But chiel's wha's neither blear't nor doitit,
 Kens better how to gang about it,
 Than riv't to rags, they'll neatly clout it,
 And thole their clangour,
 And mak' it stand, we needna doubt it,
 Ten towmonds langer.

Ye powers that watch the British nation,
 To keep her snug frae devastation,
 Tak' note, and doucely fill your station

Within St James's,
 And honest worth will stand ye caution,
 Whate'er the time is.

My friend, this life's a day-tale battle,
 Some feight wi' hands, and some wi' prattle,
 Some soar aloof, and roar and rattle

In flicker vain,
 Death comes the hale affray to settle
 With yird and stane.

O wad some kindly power prefer us,
 To see a wee our nose afore us,
 Frae mickle skaith it might deter us,
 And raise our horn,
 To triumph o'er those ills that scare us,
 Wi' pride an' scorn.

THE TWO YANKIES,

A TALE OF MONTREAL, FOUNDED ON FACT.

It was about the end o' June,
And wearing on the afternoon,
I ga'ed to tak' a walk around

The market square,
To hear the clash and see the fun
That's aften there.

Canadian bodies up were packing,
Their market wares, and hameward making,
Across St Lawrence some were tacking
In birch canoes,
And some in taverns bleth'ring, cracking,
In deep carouse.

It made me laugh to hear their jargon,
French, Dutch, and English, o'er a bargain
Of beef or butter, pork or sturgeon,
Fox or bear skin,
Sma' chance has fiddle, pipe, or organ
Amidst their din.

The langer louder grows the clatter,
 On purpose to explain the better,
 With vampishing and twisted feature,
 'Till heels o'er head,
 The tumbling table seals the matter,
 And ends the deed.

But to our tale.—A sprightly beau,
 Frae Vermont States, brought down his joe,
 Rigg'd out wi' silks frae top to toe,
 Sae wond'rous fine,
 In Montreal to dash and show,
 And mak' a shine.

A hale lang day they had gallantit,
 Whiles here, whiles there, they rov'd and rantit,
 And mony a gill o' wine decantit,
 At mony a inn,
 Now hame again the twasome wantit,
 For night drew on.

His pony, a true Yanky bay,
 As ever ran afore a sleigh,

He made her caper, sport, and play,
Sae vain was he,
But sad mishap soon raised a fray,
Dang a' alee.

His bride to get her on behind,
A helping hand he couldna find,
Canadian chiel's are no sae kind,
But foul ma' care,
A cask she mounts wi' cheerfu' mind,
O' treacle ware.

Scarce had she got her feet aboon;
Till plump she play'd, its end ga'ed down,
Ah now ! come view her round and round,
A sweeter bride,
In finer dress, can not be found
In our land side.

No quicker flies the electric blaze;
Than Jonathan's struck wi' amaze,
His e'en bewildered wildly gaze,
And now to manage,
Claps to the spurs, and aff he gaes,
To save the damage.

“ O Jonathan, Jonathan, stop your steed,
 (Loud cried the bride) or ye may dread
 Yon happy day, ye'll never see't,

To crown your wishes,
 Fye come ! O come ! and get me free'd
 Frae this molassen.”

The bridegroom now may lick his lips,
 His bonny bride's smeared to the hips,
 A merchant blade his pony grips

Wi' sad oration,
 An' swears she shallna mount the stirrups,
 'Till cash or caution.

In haste a porter chiel' they summon,
 To extricate this treacle woman,
 Out o'er her cheeks the tears were comin',
 O, charming creature,
 Alas ! this sad unlucky gloamin',
 Has mar'd ilk feature.

On the porter's back she now must ride,
 Away he goes with staggering stride,

The crowd give way on every side,
 Baith great and small,
 Sure sic a scene they never see'd
 At Montreal.

Had Scotland had her parritch bicker
 Just at her tails, she wad been sicker
 A towmond guid, this dreeping liquor
 It coudna fail
 To brew her ware, wad mak' her nicker,
 Strang treacle ale.

EPITAPH
 TO THE
MEMORY OF THE REV. JAMES FLETCHER,
 LATE OF LIDDESDALE.

THIS precious dust once lived, nor lived in vain,
 What thousands count as loss to him was gain,
 What thousands count their gain he counted dross,
 His all, his glory was a Saviour's cross.

A PIG IN A POCK !

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Some tales are neatly darn'd wi' lies,
To raise the world's wonder,
And snugly telt, like lawyers' fees,
At sax score to the hunder',
But this ane I am gaun to tell,
Nae honest man need doubt it,
I got it frae my grannie's sel',
It's neither rest nor cloutit,
Fu' hale the day.

There lived a cottar and his wife
Lang syne, at Kame-burn narrow,
A loving pair wha ne'er had strife,
Nor ken'd o' meikle sorrow ;
Nae doubt he was an honest man,
Or there he bietna settle,
Baith guid at wark in yard and barn,
And ablins fotherin' cattle
On winter days.

But Johnnie took his bed at length,
 His chafts grew thin and white,
 And ilka day fast losin' strength,
 Wi' trouble in his kyte;
 Auld Meg ga'ed up to Edg—n,
 And there she tauld the lady,
 Wha, short time after, sent her doun
 Some fine thing just made ready,
 For John that day.

Now Meg, wha ne'er pretendit skill,
 Ken'd little how to use it,
 But bra' and carefu' no to spill,
 Nor no way to abuse it;
 "Wow Johnnie, will ye try this, man?
 I trow it's braw and sweet,
 'Tak' just a spoonfu' now and then,
 It's saft and easy meat,
 For you th' day.

"A truth, guidman, just sup it a',
 As lang as it is warm,
 Gin it do you nae guid at a',
 It canna do nae harm,"

Then on his brow she ti'd the bag,
 Which was wi' straw weel fill'd,
 And drest his pow and made him snug,
 Poor John lay down fu' mild,
 Wi's horn that day.

At sun set down the lady cam',
 And twa three braw young misses,
 Auld John was sleepin' like a lam',
 Meg scourin' up her dishes;
 "Weel, Margaret, how is Johnnie now?
 I hope he's getting better,"
 "Dear ma'am, I'm e'en oblig'd to you,
 And sall be aye your debtor,
 Through a' my days."

The lady peepit into the bed,
 To see her honest Johnnie,
 Wha on his back was streekit braid,
 Wow but the bag look'd bonnie,
 Wi' laughing she was 'maist fa'n down,
 And sae was a' the rest,
 And mony a time at Edg—n,
 The bag past for a jest,
 On drunken days.

THE TAXES !

YE blades wha Britain's helm doth thraw,
Gie's Caledonia down her law,
Ken ye that thousands you misca'
 Throughout the nation,
Nae wonder ye've maist ruined a',
 Wi' your taxation.

Guid help us ! 'tis e'en sair indeed,
Poor bodies toiling for their bread,
Their hinmost penny they maun gi'ed,
 'Tho' a' their riches,
The vera bottom ye maun see'd,
 O' our poor pouches.

Vile taxmen, gaugers, and sick gear,
Wha drink like fish, and curse and swear,
Dare pest folk twenty times a year,
 Foul ane regardin',
Clean aff our face the hide wad tear,
 For half a fardin'.

Nae wonder bodies gloom and glunch,
Wi' clappit cheeks, toom kyte, and hench,

Up ye wha sit on England's bench,
 For Scotland's weel,
 Score out that tax 'fore th' hale bunch,
 On grog and yill ;

And tell that parliamenter class,
 That Caledon' maun ha'e a glass,
 Ane now and then to weet her hass,
 And hale her wame,
 Or drouth will ruin lad and lass,
 Man, wife, and wean.

And mind the pipe and sneeshin' mill,
 Speak up, mak' a' aroun' ye reel,
 Knock aff that tax wi' learned skill,
 Brave Indian weed,
 Let horns and cutties get a fill
 In time o' need.

O help poor Scotland 'gainst her faes !
 And send her galore o' better days,
 Frae south, or north, or where ye please,
 Lay close restriction,
 On black designing, selfish kaes,
 Wha plot destruction.

Send us reform in every quarter,
 Teach us our ill for good to barter,
 Frae peasant poor, to star and garter,
 Throughout the nation,
 On speedy wing fly quick athwart her,
 Brave reformation.

May chiel's o' sense and wisdom guide us,
 Ay lead the van, whate'er betide us,
 To follow sic, our greatest pride is
 Their high direction,
 But let not imps o' h-l bestride us,
 To our destruction.

Crush down that race of hair-brain'd gentry,
 Wha block up reformation's entry,
 Tether them fast for half a century,
 Burn a' their speeches;
 Or send them to a foreign kintry
 To cry loch leeches.

Ye honest hearts aroun' the throne,
 Accept o' thanks frae Caledon',

Sae lang as she can raise a drone
 And play the spring,
 'Aneath the bield o' Geordie's Crown,
 G-d Save the King.

EPITAPH
 TO THE
 MEMORY OF MARGARET RUTHERFORD,
 JEDBURGH.

No sculptured stone, nor gilded monument,
 Doth deck her sleeping dust,
 A holy walk, life's grandest ornament,
 Now stands a noble bust,
 Her fame to immortalize in deep record,
 Till soul and body join to meet the Lord.

THE MAN OF THE BUSH;

A SCENE IN LOWER CANADA.

Or the Rifle's Excursion into the Forest.



Far in a forest wild, beyond the scan
Of bold, intrepid, enterprising man ;
Where bears do nightly roam, where wolves do prowl,
Where dolorous birds of unknown wing do howl,
Where mosquitoes do swarm of poisonous sting,
And various reptiles forth their thousands bring.-
Surrounded by the bush, an aged sire
Reigns lord, if lordship e'er was his desire,
A wife and daughter, all his subjects dear,
Companions of his toil from year to year,
His humble mansion reared by his own hands,
In centre of his little kingdom stands.
Alike contented in their lone abode,
By nature taught to rest on nature's God,
Full twenty suns has gone their annual round,
And twenty harvests has their labours crowned,
Familiarized this wilderness became,
Their cultured spots they know them all by name.

A wimpling brook doth gently downward glide,
 Well stored with tenants of the finny tribe,
 No raking net, nor plundering engine near
 To drag the deep, or sift the stream so clear.
 Nature's demand, a few doth it supply,
 These few are taken with a pitying eye,
 For man they live, and for his use must die.
 The cheerful banks sends forth their evening song,
 The gentle breeze the echo doth prolong,
 The cuckeroo upon the lofty pine,
 And birds of bolder notes do all combine
 To toll the setting sun and close the day,
 And bid the little warblers cease their lay.
 Anon, the cottage hymn the scene doth close,
 And on the great creator all repose.
 Bright Phœbus circling round the icy pole,
 Bids Luna in her borrowed splendour roll,
 Till on the east in richest shades doth fold
 His crimson lining, tinged with purest gold,
 All glorious soon earth's variegated ball,
 Beneath Heaven's lamp doth show her beauties all,
 And slumbering nature wakens at his call.
 A thousand little throats resume their song,
 The cottage roused doth join the vocal throng,

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And vegetative life doth eye the whole,
 And sends her rich supplies to cheer the soul.
 The scene thus brightened by the orb of day,
 Makes wildness smile, and solitude look gay,
 The wandering riffer grounds his instrument,
 Dislodging leaden death—no more intent
 To make his thunder roar, destruction fly,
 The bane of song, the curse of liberty,
 His frozen soul half-thawed, now gives consent
 To leave a while her rigid element,
 To soar aloft on contemplation's wing,
 And taste those sweets that from its sources spring,
 Nature hath charms, when clearly seen and felt,
 To sooth the mind, the savage heart to melt,
 In every land and clime doth raise her voice,
 Crowned with her bounty all her sons rejoice.
 But see the woodman comes with silent tread,
 Along his winding path with moss o'erspread,
 Smiling he views his landscape all his own,
 Free from a racking rent, and lordling's frown,
 Free from the greedy grasp of envious power,
 He reaps his fruits, and stores them in his bower,
 Winter may roar, he has no storms to fear,
 He knows no want, no winter in his year.

" O sweet retirement, friend to life's decline,
 O blest retreat, that never must be mine,
 My youthful years in wandering spent and care,
 Were never destined such delights to share,
 With steps unceasing still I must pursue,
 Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view,
 That, like the circle-bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow flies,
 My fortune leads far from my native home,
 Still find no spot of all the world my own."

TO A FRIEND,

ON THE LOSS OF A NEAR RELATION.

My much respected worthy friend,
 This swelling tide of woe,
 Deep on thy soul its furies send,
 And all its horrors flow.

To sympathize in your distress,
 'Tis but the part of man,
 To drop a tear—a small redress,
 'Tis all a brother can.

Our nearest, dearest, here on earth,
 Are only lent a while,
 Her day, how short ! they soon go forth,
 And all our hopes beguile.

Heaven gives and takes, 'tis our's to learn
 To bear with patient mind,
 A worthy soul may sigh and mourn,
 And still may be resigned.

That bitter cup, we would refrain,
 Repeated may be given,
 Yet links of that mysterious chain,
 Which draws the soul to Heaven.

What human ills may cross our way,
 To mar our comfort here,
 Though placed in terrible array,
 Unbending let us bear.

To combat all surrounding ill,
 Of strength we cannot boast,
 To rest and be dependant's still,
 On heavenly power we must.

The dismal road down to the tomb,
 Is wisely hid from man,
 We know the past, but what to come,
 Is placed beyond our scan.

May he who sent the withering blast
 To kill the blushing flower,
 With kinder moments crown the past,
 And bless each happy hour.]

May that great power at whose behest,
 The all adorning spring,
 Nature arising from her dust
 Through all her orders sing.

O may he rear the tender shoots
 Which round your table stand,
 Long may their aged parent roots
 Be watered by his hand,

• Till all to high perfection rise,
 And drop their mortal coil,
 For richer climes beyond the skies,
 To bloom in native soil.

To Mr G— S. N—.

THE CONVERTED HEATHEN'S ADDRESS TO HIS IDOL.

Base Idol, often times I've bowed
Within these walls to thee,
No more I'll be your sinful slave,
But thou shalt bow to me.

Shall I for whom a Saviour died,
This Saviour now I know,
Shall I before an image bend,
I'll never stoop so low.

In sorrow deeply I regret
That e'er I bowed a knee
To wood, or stone, or any god,
Inferior, Lord, to thee.

Ye painted walls of wood and stone,
Devoted thou hast been,
Sacred to hold this lifeless god,
Such has my folly been.

Blest Jesus, now before thy face,
I beat my idol down,
I'll tread my shame beneath my feet,
That thou may'st wear the crown.

Erase its visage from my breast,
And place thy image there,
Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine,
And shall be every where.

I'll rase this idol house of mine,
And build a new for thee,
There, blessed God, in glory shine,
And mercy have on me.

Thou, Lord, can melt a savage heart,
Tho' harder than a stone,
Lord, thou dost hear a heathen pray,
Altho' he doth but groan.

O, lead me safely by the hand,
With those thy name that fear,
Teach me to know, and understand,
The wonders that I hear.

O lead me safely through this vale,
 To thy great house above,
 Where my poor soul shall gladly sing:
 The wonders of thy love.

AN EPITAPH
 TO THE
 MEMORY OF J—— F——.

Stand and behold, ye passers bye,
 Within this grassy tomb,
 Clay cold in death, stretch'd out I lie,
 In pale majestic gloom;

Life's morn is past, dark funeral shade
 My mouldering bones surround,
 In this bleak soil all roses fade,
 And mingle with the ground.

Attend ye gay, ye careless crowd,
 Behold my humble state,
 This mortal wreck doth call aloud,
 Prepare, this is your fate.

An awful summons from on high,
 Did call my soul away,
 And loose the sweet conjugal tie,
 At noon tide of my day.

Know, reader, whosoe'er thou art;
 Thy soul and body soon must part,
 Death comes, makes no delay,
 Prepare to meet your God, to stand
 Before him on that holy land
 Where shines eternal day.

AN ADDRESS

TO

KING GEORGE III.

Composed previous to the National Jubilee, 25th
October, 1809, when his Majesty entered into
the Fiftieth year of his Reign.

All hail ! most excellent Majesty,
Who rules this mighty nation,
Long live, and ever happy be
In your exalted station ;
Your honour, power and dignity,
Stands on a firm foundation,
Long rule Britannia, bold and free,
Be strong for her salvation,
'Gainst every foe.

Hail Majesty most excellent !
Rule with unerring skill,
These fifty years Heaven has you lent
The British throne to fill,

Still live, our eyes are on you bent,
With our whole hearts we will
Defend our king, whom God has sent
To sway the sceptre still,
Long Live the King !

While horror spreads, while Emperors fall,
And kingdoms tumble down,
Amid surrounding wrecks of all
May you still wear the crown,
May victories neither few nor small,
Still gain you more renown,
In safety reign, till heaven shall call
You from the British throne,
Some future day.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

This happy night young lads their lassies meet,
To tell their unco's, and love songs repeat.

When winter had her mantle spread,
And banks and braes wi' snaw were clad,
When country fo'k were a' in bed,
Fast sleepin' snorin',
Through Pollock wood I downward ga'ed,
The wind was roarin'.

Fierce through the stell the snaw did sift,
Till ilka track was fill'd wi' drift,
To keep the road I lost th' gift,
And sair did stumble,
In ilka syke I tryed to shift,
Was doom'd to tumble.

That ill fam'd burn ayont the stell,
(Time out o' mind some auld fo'k tell,)

Whar bogles, ghaists, and goblins dwell,
 And spunkies light,
 A dreary place to pass ane's sel'
 In howe o' night.

'Maist breathless clamb'ring up the bank,
 'Mang deep blawn wreathes, an' hether rank,
 A grane I heard, an' syne clink clank,
 I round did glow'r,
 Confounded, tremblin', ilka shank,
 'Maist coupit o'er.

Forby the storm did roar and russle,
 The snaw and cauld did mak' me fis'le,
 My wee bit courage in a bus'le,
 An' pulse beat thrang,
 Tho' aft I tried to raise a whis'le,
 And croon a sang.

Last something spak', wi' voice scarce human,
 'Twas lang and black, I saw it comin',
 Wi' a' my might my powers did summon
 As it drew near,
 But what it was, fiend, man, or woman,
 I durst na spier.

Aghast I stood, in wavering swither,
 To rin, or stand, I ken'd na whither,
 Ye powers preserve!—up starts anither,
 Frae 'mang th' thorns,
 A goblin great, wi' chain or tether,
 And twa lang horns.

The little vigour that I had,
 Was ill to keep, and near hand fled,
 Quoth I, the bogle hunting trade,
 Wha will may tak' it,
 Syne up the bank wi' a my speed,
 I tri'd to mak' it.

Thump play'd my heart, my hair did stand,
 I heaved my stick, its thickest end,
 The creature raised an awful vend,
 Came upward hoblin',
 Hard at my heels, ere e'er I ken'd,
 A frightfu' goblin.

And now without a moment's study,
 I ken'd the thing, a harmless cuddy!

The other de'il, a tinker body
 In waefu' plisky,
 Bewildered, do'itit, cauld, and duddy,
 Clean deased wi' whisky.

The great, the philosophic mind,
 May scorn a de'il, yet still we find
 That nature, art and might combined
 Brought to the test,
 Oft cringe before a puff of wind,
 Weak man at best.

ON TWO CHILDREN.

Stretch'd out in death, they lie in distant clime,
 Their souls triumphant, join the holy throng,
 Their harps are ever tuned in air sublime,
 Where God and Love is their eternal song.

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REN.

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